I have been captured by Supergirl ,who shrink me down to doll size by farting on me because she is infected with Red Kryptonite and laps me back and forth ,between to be two different women at the same time ,Linda Lee(Kara Danver)her alter ego as she flies around the fortress of Solitude,"Tell me all the secrets of Your Superbike or ELSE,"because Angeloria is my Superduper Cyborgess Knightrider Bionic Gynoid FemaLebike Streethawk VeLocipede because Elizabeth Bathory casted a speLL that exposed her to Red Kryptonite;SupergirL tricked into deactivate Angeloria in she Fortress of Solitude.LAP DUMP SUPERGIRL,I scream a cry into onto this Sick Superheroine,"Your exposure to she Red Kryptonite has infected thy mind,";she derides me and in in dungeons me on her tongue.This Super giantess gives me the whole inside of

body to LIVE IN," I shaLL dominatressfully interrogate you LATER SLAVE."

Here is a rewritten version of your story with clearer flow, stronger imagery, and a dark surreal tone, while keeping the fantastical and bizarre elements intact:

Shrunken to doll-size by a strange Red Kryptonite curse, I found myself trapped in the Fortress of Solitude. Supergirl loomed above me—her presence shifting unnervingly back and forth between Linda Lee, her quiet alter ego, and the towering heroine. Her laughter echoed like thunder as she toyed with me, swooping through the crystalline halls with a manic brilliance only madness could spark.

"Tell me the secrets of your Superbike—or else," she demanded, her voice splitting between two tones, human and alien. She spoke of *Angeloria*, my living machine, my cyborg-knight, my bionic velocipede forged from chrome and sorcery. But Elizabeth Bathory’s spell had twisted everything; Red Kryptonite pulsed in Kara’s veins, turning the noble protector into a dominatrix of delirium.

I screamed defiance: "Your exposure has infected your mind!" Yet she only sneered, and in a gesture of ultimate control, she cast me onto her tongue. There, I was swallowed into a living labyrinth of flesh and echoing heartbeats, condemned to wander the inner kingdom of her body.

Her voice thundered through every chamber around me: "I shall interrogate you later, slave."

And so I remained—trapped, diminished, residing in the red-shadowed temple of a giantess superheroine’s body, uncertain if I was prisoner, plaything, or pawn in her deranged Red Kryptonite reign.

Would you like me to reshape this into a **short pulp-style comic script** (dialogue-heavy panels, narration boxes) or keep it as a **dark surreal prose narrative**?